

A Thrilling Chase After 10 Millions

Black Mane, Rare and Highly Prized, Defies Human Foes Just as Deadly Bullet Traverses Body—Real Cave Man Has Abode Which Is Reached Only From Long Limb of Great Tree—Steam From Crater Cooks His Food—Prepares to Obtain Wife in Trade for Bees.

BY ER SHELLEY.

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

In his opening article Mr. Shelley described the bold and ferocious attacks of the man-eating lions on the natives and whites in their camps along the Uganda railway near Nairobi, and the exciting hunt; the chase; the bearding of the lion in his lair; the man-eater's sensational escape; and the further pursuit which continues in this installment.)

By this time Mr. Woosman and his companion considered the lion out of range and quit shooting. As I began shooting with my 250 he was past 500 yards and was running so fast that he gained on the dogs at every stride. The ground was sandy here and made an excellent target, as the bullets hitting into the sand kicked up a small cloud of dust that could be plainly seen.

My first shot hit the ground several feet behind him. I pulled up fifteen feet ahead and still shot behind, drawing further ahead at each shot. My fourth shot struck so close behind him that it could not have missed him more than an inch or so. My fifth shot, it seemed to me, I held fully twenty-five feet ahead. The lion changed ends twice and lay at full length on the ground. I hesitated a moment and it was then too late to give him the last shot that was in the gun, as he was completely covered with dogs.

The examination it was found that the bullet hit him squarely in the neck and shattered the bone, killing him instantly.

While we were standing by the dead lion a boy came running to us and said that the two white men that had gone to the big hill were watching ten lions through their glasses and wanted us to come at once.

On his way to us the boy had passed a small pool of water in a hole in the danga. We went to that, gave the dogs drink and filled two of the long-legged rubber boots with water and had the boy bring them along. The hill was about four or five miles to the northwest of us. The boy who had come to us showed us the way.

It was now midday. The sun shone down burning hot upon us and before we got halfway to the hill my head began to ache. As we drew near the hill we passed through a deep valley and upon arriving at the crest of the hill the side were met by the two King's African Riflemen.

They said they had watched the lions for two or three hours and that about an hour before they had all gone over in the deep valley which had gone over in the deep valley which had gone over in the deep valley.

Just before reaching the spot where they were last seen we got in line, preparing to march down through the valley and give the dogs a chance to pick up their trail.

The dogs were so hot they could hardly walk. I watered and bathed them as best I could with the water from one of the boots and we went over the hill where the lions were last seen. I could see that the dogs could get the scent, for they were running here and there with their heads on the ground preparing to hit off the trail.

Just as the dogs began to open we heard a savage growl, and looked just in time to see a large lioness go down the slope.

The side of the valley was so steep at this place that she was immediately out of sight and we could not see the ground at all until it became more level at the bottom of the hill. This gave the lions a good start, as



ER SHELLEY AND A LION.

eyes back he was again running hard and we all began shooting at him again.

The dogs that had gone down the incline were not coming in sight at the bottom and luckily took the trail of the big black mane and three lionesses that had turned at right angles at the bottom and gone straight up the valley.

We could see in the direction these four were going that the valley ran to a narrow neck and was filled with boulders and small trees, offering some cover for them.

The dogs were about fifty yards behind the big lion as he went into this cover. The six that had gone up the east slope disappeared as they went over the top. We hurried to the narrow neck where the dogs were baying one of the lions. They were well up in the extreme end and every one rushed to the bank on both sides just over them. My head was now aching so terribly I did not care much to shoot unless it was necessary.

As every one seemed to be getting around the ledges over the dogs, I thought I would go back and see if any of the lions slipped out from the way they had come.

As I stepped upon a rock I saw the big black mane climbing the rise to the east. He came very near slipping away unobserved. I shouted to the others and soon the entire crowd was shooting at him again, but, as before, he had a start of over 400 yards and for some reason seemed particularly hard to hit.

When nearly to the top the bullets

successfully holding off all comers. As the hunter began shooting the two others tried to slip out from the way that they had come, but were easily dispatched.

THE last shooting I did at the black mane made by head ache so badly that I could hardly stand. Sometimes the bird would guide him from one of his own hives and would twitter and jump around indignantly when he did not molest it.

There were one or two little birds that lived near him, and whenever he heard one of them twitter he would follow it along from tree to tree and it would always take him to a swarm of bees, either in a tree or the crevice of a rock.

He would take the honey and leave the bees head and young bees for the bird. Sometimes the bird would guide him from one of his own hives and would twitter and jump around indignantly when he did not molest it.

A DEROBH HUNTER who lived nearby had three beautiful daughters, he said. The father had offered him one of the girls for fifteen hives occupied with bees, and he already had ten or twelve.

There were lots of wild swarms deep in the crevices of rock where no one could get to them. When a young swarmer came out they would often catch it.

One of the party thought his skin would have so many bullet holes in it that it would be cut almost into ribbons. Two skinners were first to find him. He had fallen in fairly long grass. They laid him on his back and began work, but we all wanted to count the bullet holes, so they laid him back on his side again.

There was just one hole on that side, about four inches back from the shoulder. Several of the party thought that shot was the one that knocked him down when he was coming up to rise and my bullet that killed him would be found in his heavy mane.

We turned him over and there was no hole on the other side at all, but the bullet was seen bulging out against the skin.

It had gone clear through the lion and lodged against his skin on the other side.

We sat down until the skinners skinned around and released the bullet. It was a soft nose and had mushroomed to five or six times its original size. As I glanced at the bullet I could see on the butt of it, "Rigby 350."

Others noticed it and a canvass was taken to see how many were shooting a 350 Rigby.

All of the King's Riflemen were shooting 9 mm. Mausers. Mr. Woosman and Mr. Bowker were both shooting 308 Mannichers. The three white hunters had 9 mm. Mannichers and Roy Stewart was shooting a 470 Express rifle.

As my rifle was the only 350 Rigby in the crowd, and as there was no other bullet hole in him, there was no doubt as to who had killed the lion.

We returned to the station, but by that time my head was aching so severely that I could hardly see and soon I became delirious with a high fever. Mr. Woosman made haste to get me back to where I could receive medical attention.

The baboo, or station master, begged us to stay and kill more lions. He feared the man-eater was still at large. Mr. Woosman told him it was necessary to go at once on account of the sickness of one of the hunters and that if the man-eater was ever heard of again we would surely return. The man-eater was heard of no more. We killed the right one first.

Upon reaching Nairobi I was turned over to Dr. Lum, who was employed by the government, and I was soon feeling fit and fine again.

The doctor must have done a good job, as I was never ill again during the four years that followed which I spent in the country.

IN writing of the headache I endured and the sufferings of the dogs in the terrible heat I am reminded of the time I met a real "caveman." It was while I was collecting with Lord Stafford (now the Duke of Sutherland). The "caveman" apparently was a huntsman of the Derobh tribe, and in exchange for a good hunting knife which I gave him, showed us a pool of sparkling water we probably would not have found without him.

The Derobh lived in a cave high up in the slopes of Sywa, the largest crater in the world. In order to reach his abode he had to climb a large tree, swing himself out on a long limb that would bend down and deposit him close to the entrance of the cave.

After entering his cave there were passages leading far back into the rock. In one room there was a small opening in the top.

In rainy weather when he came in

wet or cold from hunting he would build a fire here and warm and dry himself.

In another chamber, deep in the bowels of Sywa, was a steam jet. The hot steam came hissing out through a crevice in the rock. He cooked his meat and bird eggs here.

So it was only necessary to build a fire occasionally, and then usually after dark.

The steam from the jet forced its way out into a sort of a dome, hitting the top with great force. The dome acted as a sort of condenser and water came trickling down the sides.

From the continuous action of the water that came down followed these tributary grooves into the perpendicular one. Under this he set a large kabuyon, something like a large gourd. He had traded honey for the kabuyon. In this way the steam jet gave him a constant supply of water.

Our Derobh was not only a hunter, but a bee man as well. He made his own hives from a large hollow limb or a hollow tree. They were cut square off at the top and bottom with a knife. He had never heard of a saw. He put cross sticks in these for the bees to fly the comb to and used a thin slab of slate rock for top and bottom.

These hives he deposited on shelves that protruded from steep stone walls. He reached many of these places by letting himself down from the top by the aid of a species of vine that acted as a rope.

He said he could remove the slab or slate rock and break off a part of the honey without robbing them entirely, but that he seldom did this, as he was able to find as much wild honey as he wanted.

There were one or two little birds that lived near him, and whenever he heard one of them twitter he would follow it along from tree to tree and it would always take him to a swarm of bees, either in a tree or the crevice of a rock.

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Much Ingenuity Is Required to Present Deserving Causes for Ford's Assistance

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

CHAPTER VIII.

BEHIND A CHINESE WALL.

ONCE you get to Mr. Ford you will find him, of all men, most affable and democratic. He is apt to leave upon you the impression that he stands ready to do anything for you, give you anything, even to the half of his kingdom. He makes promises which he sometimes keeps, sometimes forgets, and sometimes fulfills in his own peculiar way. He hates to say "No." He has a way of leaving you with the idea that he is in entire sympathy with your proposition and of delegating the unpleasant task of turning you down to some one else.

To turn down a request made of us is embarrassing. To grant a favor is a pleasure. Henry Ford is a man of generous impulses. I think he would prefer on all occasions to do what he is asked to do. This, of course, is impossible. And so, when it is necessary to turn a man down, he seeks to relieve himself of the embarrassment of doing so by referring the man to some one else, at the same time indicating just how he would have the man and his request handled.

He has sometimes given a man a note to an executive, which was in reality a code letter, understood by the official receiving it. That note was always the same, with slight variations in the spelling of one word. The facts of the individual, joyfully and unsuspectingly bearing that note, hung on the spelling of that word. If the note read, "Please see this man," it meant he was to be let down as easy as possible—dropped overboard into a sea of uncertainty, so far as obtaining what he wanted was concerned, there to wait and founder about until utterly discouraged, he gave up hope of attaining his end. It always seemed to me that a blunt "No" would have been a much more considerate way of dealing with cases of this kind.

GENIAL, generous and democratic, he will be found the manner of Henry Ford, once you get to him, but the problem is to get to him. The approach to him is, I believe, the most guarded and most difficult of that of any man alive. He would have it so. People who do not understand blame his secretary for making this man of the people so inaccessible. But his secretary is to be praised for the thoroughness with which he does the work assigned him. A Chesterfield might suggest that which here and there would add grace and charm to the manner in which the job is handled, but he certainly could do nothing to raise the present standard of efficiency.

Hardly a week passes that some one does not come to me from a distance with the request that I be kind enough to assist him in obtaining an interview with Mr. Ford. The answer is, "There is but one approach to Mr. Ford and that is through his secretary." And then the question, "How do I get to his secretary?" And the answer is, "Make an appointment with him, and take your knitting along. You may have to wait."

Socially, Henry Ford has preferred to remain in the class in which he was born. He goes occa-



WORKERS OF THE FORD PLANT EN ROUTE TO THE FACTORY.

from the world. Every man with a crank's turn of mind; promoters of every description; social and political dreamers of all kinds; inventors of hairpins, market baskets and perpetual motion; of accessories for the Ford car—enough of them to require a trailer to carry them; big men seeking millions, and little men wanting enough money to pay the rent; representatives of the church, the college and the university; builders of homes for stray cats, and hospitals for dogs; writers seeking an annuity so that they may give their time without anxiety to literary pursuits; experts in sociology who would like to be put on an allowance so as to be able to give him the benefit of their wisdom in the solution of his industrial problems and work out ways for the philanthropic expenditure of his millions; experts who propose to solve all problems by making the paper pulp supply of the world take the place of gold as a monetary basis; these and others too numerous to mention have made a beaten path to his door, not because Emerson's magical mousetrap is there, but because the philosopher's stone, that turns so much vanadium steel into gold, is there, and is to them an irresistible lodestone. They have heard of Henry Ford as the friend of man and they feel sure he will finance anything they have to offer.

Wherever he goes the crowds press upon him, as if he were a king out for an airing, and thrust their petitions, not into his hands, but into his ears. I once took him to a reception at which a large number of high dignitaries of the church were present. They formed in line, like purchasers of tickets at a circus, and in turn made their wants known for schools, colleges, missions and struggling parishes. He left that reception with a pocket full of cards on which were noted the amounts of money and the number of Ford cars each ecclesiastic could use in his business. I

them and said "good morning" when they came in. That is all they will see of me. When you are through with them, turn them over to my secretary." He kept his word. They had "seen" Henry Ford and returned to New York without putting their cause before him.

He speaks at times with the air of great finality, as a man who has received a revelation, or has secret sources of information on the great subjects of the day. He talks in short, broken, disconnected sentences. And he has a way of discoursing on one of his favorite themes—Wall street, the Jew, international bankers sitting in secret conclave, somewhere and planning another war, world peace through farm tractors and water power, the synthetic cow—in a way that produces among his listeners a profound and embarrassing silence, broken occasionally by a remark from one of his two or three familiars, whose words of approval do not always leave the impression that they are speaking out of the depths of knowledge or profound conviction.

Men of great wealth and limited education often fail to appreciate the fact that they are in danger of overestimating the worth of their judgment on matters outside the industrial world in which they live. Few men have the courage to argue with a millionaire—especially if they chance to be in the dependent position of employees. This silence, or at least veiled expression of opinion on the part of those thrown in daily contact with them, is likely to leave upon a man of wealth the impression that he is an oracle on anything he chooses to talk about.

The isolation of Henry Ford's mind is about as near perfect as it is possible to make it. For this reason the confidence born in him of success along one line never forsakes him when he enters other spheres of thought and action. Adverse criticism reaches him, of course, but it

One of the gentlemen who interviewed Mr. Ford on this occasion was himself a man of wealth and very generous toward his church. After telling me of what took place at the interview, he launched into a severe criticism of Mr. Ford. I stopped him. "You say that Henry Ford is wanting in generosity," I said to him. "Well, do you know that there are people in this city who say the same thing of you?"

"How can they say that?" he said, evidently somewhat nettled. "You know that it is not true. You know that I have given thousands, tens of thousands, to my church and its institutions."

"I know that," I replied, "and that is just the point people make against you. They say your church is your hobby. You give to it, but, in the opinion of the public, you give relatively little or nothing to anything else."

"But it's my money, isn't it? Am I not at liberty to give it away as I deem best? If I want to give it all to the church, whose business is it, but my own?" was his reply.

"Why, then, criticize Henry Ford?" I replied. "For claiming exactly the same privilege when he comes to giving his money away?" He is giving millions to his employees. He gives to your church. He does not believe in your way of doing things, and you do not believe in his methods. Personally, I think the world needs both of you, that both are doing a service to humanity, and I am not going to allow either of you to criticize the other in my presence without a protest."

A SHORT time afterward Mr. Ford referred to the visit which he had from the two members of my vestry. "I don't believe in building big and costly churches for the rich," he said, in explaining his refusal to contribute toward the erection of the building then under way. "The amount of money you are putting into this one church edifice would provide for a half dozen settlement houses, which, if properly placed, would do a great deal more good."

It was then that I told him that if he would come to church the next Sunday, and give me a chance to talk to him when he could not talk back, I would tell him why I thought the centers of worship should be a beautiful and costly as men could make them. He said he would come. And he did.

"There is a man in this city," so the sermon ran, in part, "who has done a very unusual thing. You know that powerhouses are built, as a rule, in the rear of factories. Often the smoke just dark, dusty, greasy holes in the ground, with mountains of coal piled outside. Factory buildings and office buildings are put on the street and much thought is given to their appearance. The power plant is put in a squat building, often in a shed, on the rear of the lot. But the man to whom I refer has done differently. He has built the costliest and most beautiful powerhouse in America. He has put it on the avenue side with its office building. He has filled the windows with plate glass. He has tiled the floors. Outside and in, that building is rubbed, scrubbed, washed and polished."

"I can imagine people criticizing this man for the thing he has done. Why spend so much money on a building which is to shelter nothing but the boilers and engines of a power plant? Something must have answered the purpose. Instead of engines with flywheels, which do nothing but go round and round, why did he not put some of his wonderful automatic machines, which do something, out in front, where people could see them, and relegate the power plant to the rear?"

"The answer is, men spend money on the things they love and value. The buildings we erect are symbols of our pride in an action for the good of the world. What a man thinks of his home is revealed in the kind of house he builds around it. What a man thinks of his business is shown in the buildings he erects to house it. This man I have in mind was born with a love for mechanical things. The power that makes them go is a thing which, to him, is worthy of a shelter as costly and as beautiful as any man could make it. The energy that throbs through the great factory he knows comes from the powerhouse, where the ponderous flywheel turn in comparative silence. The powerhouse is back of it all—that is why he made it the costly, beautiful thing it is."

"And that is why I am going to put all the money I can get into this church. It is the spiritual powerhouse back of all the fine things men are doing in the way of service. It stands for the power that makes the world go in costly and beautiful ways. And in that way, men, who understand it and love it, will be glad to see it. The energy that throbs through the great factory he knows comes from the powerhouse, where the ponderous flywheel turn in comparative silence. The powerhouse is back of it all—that is why he made it the costly, beautiful thing it is."

Finally two members of my vestry, against my advice, decided to call on Mr. Ford and solicit a subscription to the building fund. They went, spent a pleasant evening with him, talked for the most part about almost everything but the one thing they went to him to talk about, because he steered the conversation, and came away, as I have stated in another chapter, empty handed.



FORD AND HIS PET DEER ON THE FORD FARM.

sionally into the drawing rooms of those who have attained social distinction, but he is not at ease there, and remains no longer than is necessary.

Detroit has three aristocracies of the kind that bears upon its shield the rampant dollar sign. A landed aristocracy, descended from the early French settlers whose farm fronted on the river and extended in a narrow strip inland two or three miles; the aristocracy based on the wealth drawn from Michigan's forests and minerals, and in these latter days, an automobile aristocracy—the product of the automobile industry. Henry Ford has stormed the doors of none of them.

People in all walks of life and of all ranks come from near and far to see him. But the vast majority fail to attain the object of their visit, due to the Chinese Wall about him, erected and guarded by his secretary. Those who do see him have, as a rule, paid for the privilege in hours and sometimes in days of waiting. If all the hours men have spent in waiting to see Henry Ford were added together it would be interesting to know just how many thousands of years the grand total would represent. No king was ever so heaped about, none but the Grand Lama of Tibet was ever so inaccessible.

Henry Ford would be a greater and wiser man if he were a better mixer and listener. An indignant mind in an isolated body misleads much in this world that is really worth knowing.

BUT I cannot say that I altogether blame him for his aloofness

have seen him besieged in a similar manner by business men at club receptions. I can understand Henry Ford's aversion to polite society. I do not altogether blame him for preferring to live behind a Chinese wall.

And let me not think he has gotten to him when, by hook or crook, he has gotten over or under or through the wall. Back of the wall and beyond the moat stands the castle of his mind. It is a mind that prefers to think its own thoughts and to choose its own themes for conversation. You want to see Henry Ford? He will see you, but not to talk about the thing you wish to talk about, but to tell you something he has to say to you. You fence and jockey in a vain attempt to turn the conversation in the direction of the matter for which you have sought the interview.

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does not penetrate. And when one is working on the theory that it is better to be the subject of adverse criticism than none at all—what hope is there that any dart ever will reach him?

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY FORD AND THE CHURCH.

ONCE preached a sermon for Henry Ford's special benefit. I told him I was going to do so and asked him to be present and hear it. He came.

He listened very attentively. He went away. It was a good sermon, if I do say it myself, but so far as I was ever able to see it never fazed him. It came about in this way:

Mr. and Mrs. Ford were members of my parish. I was building a new church, a gothic structure, that was costing considerable money. The building had been under way for some time and Mr. Ford had made no contribution toward the cost of its construction. This somewhat nettled certain of my parish. "What is the matter with your friend, Mr. Ford, that he does not help us out on this matter? Every one is giving up to the limit, and he, the richest man in the parish, has done nothing."

This question and statement of fact were put up to me a good many times. Finally two members of my vestry, against my advice, decided to call on Mr. Ford and solicit a subscription to the building fund. They went, spent a pleasant evening with him, talked for the most part about almost everything but the one thing they went to him to talk about, because he steered the conversation, and came away, as I have stated in another chapter, empty handed.



NATIVE CELEBRATION OVER THE KILLING OF A